

BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Members of the Publishers' Press.—The latest telegraphic news from all parts of the world are received by the Daily Times up to the hour of going to press.

Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1905.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

3,808

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

There's nothing left but the counting up of the votes.

Are our insane to be placed in the state's charge to be killed?

Chauncey M. Depew is surprised that he hasn't been interviewed for two days, and because of it proceeds to interview himself.

The cock-sureness of the campaign managers was never more apparent than this fall in both Massachusetts and New York. If one were to rely on their statement, both Republicans and Democrats and occasionally an Independent would be elected at one and the same time.

The Laconia, N. H., Democrat gets things terribly twisted when it says "eighty per cent of the drinking water in Vermont is impure," according to the findings of the state laboratory. What the laboratory did report was that eighty per cent of the well water samples examined were impure.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE POLICE.

In the ferreting out of the Boston suit case mystery, so-called, the part played by the press has been unmistakable. In all criminal matters the sleuthlike reporters on the great metropolitan journals really become detectives and carry on their investigations with much the same eagerness and perspicacity as the men who are trained simply to run down crime and criminals. The Boston case contained such an element of mystery that it appealed with especial force to this sense in the newspaper men, and, sent out by their editors, the detective-reporters ran down every known clue and then dug up new ones. Of course, it must be admitted that at times these men shoot wide of the mark and indulge in mythical extravaganzas which are the creatures of a vivid imagination. But on conservative journals they are cautioned to stick to accuracy even at the expense of the attractive. In the particular case in question the Boston newspaper men have been unusually active in removing the cloak of mystery surrounding the death of the chorus girl and the disposition of her body. Police officials may at times have thought that the reporters were in the way, or over-zealous or over-ambitious, but they cannot deny, looking at the solution calmly, that material aid was rendered.

In fact, working for the common end, the newspapers and the police have so supplemented each other's efforts that now nothing but the smallest links remain to be found to weave the chain of the law against a disreputable crowd. As a specific instance, take the finding of the last piece of the girl's body, the head. This was found by, and solely by, a Boston newspaper, the Post. This journal, at a considerable expense, engaged skilled divers to go down to the bottom of Boston harbor to search for the satchel containing the head of the victim, where, according to the confession of two of the men concerned in the affair, it had been dropped. These divers going over the same ground which had been covered by the police with grappling hooks, etc., found the satchel and its gruesome contents, thus making possible a complete identification of the body which had been dismembered and thrown into the water in three separate packages. This last discovery might have been made by the police, and again the satchel might have rested on the bottom of the harbor until the action of the water and waves should have obliterated all traces, as the men who dropped it into the water hoped would be the case. It is only a matter of surmise, but since the satchel has been recovered, and recovered by a newspaper,

er, there should be a measure of praise for the vital co-operation. And it is interesting to note that Supt. Pierce of the Boston police for one stood ready to give recognition for the "invaluable service" rendered.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The State Prison Scandal.

The deeper the investigating committee goes into state prison conditions the more shocking are the revelations made. It appears almost incredible that an institution of that nature could become so honeycombed with immorality. Someone must be held responsible for it. It is not unfair to ask former Superintendent Oakes what he was doing while the prison was being turned into a brothel.

If he did not know anything regarding these disgraceful conditions when, as Attorney-General Pitts said, everybody else in the prison knew about it, he was an amazingly incompetent official. If he did know what was going on and failed to stop it, his proper connection with a state prison should be in a capacity very different from that of a superintendent.

The Messenger realizes that it is much easier, now that the shameful details are public property, to condemn evil than it would have been to have stopped it months ago. It will not be an easy matter, however, to convince the people of this state that this widespread carnival of vice could not have been prevented. It is prevented in other states, and why not in our own? Vermont has been disgraced, either because there has been no discipline worth the name, or because almost the entire body of officials has been tainted with corruption.

If it is true, as the testimony yesterday showed, that former Warden E. B. Harpin has been guilty of criminal intimacy with a woman employed at the prison, then he should be given the extreme penalty that the law may inflict for the crime. If the charge is merely the attempt of an angry woman to secure revenge, then Mr. Harpin should take measures to clear himself of the grave charge under which he cannot afford to rest.

The work of investigation must go on although the stretch arising from it is almost overpowering. Let our institutions be thoroughly cleaned and fumigated, no matter who suffers, and then let those in authority see to it that they are kept clean.—St. Albans Messenger.

HEAD IDENTIFIED BY GIRL'S MOTHER

Grief Stricken Woman Prostrated When Face of Her Girl Was Uncovered.—The Search for the Nurse.

Boston, Nov. 7.—The police are still looking for Mrs. Dean, who is said to have been the nurse at the Roxbury house, where Susie Geary, the chorus girl, died.

Identification of Head. The identification of the head which was recovered in a leather bag from the bottom of the harbor was made late yesterday. The mother and sister of the chorus girl, after serving themselves for the ordeal, declared the face to be that of Susie.

The authorities, sure of their ground as far as the identification is concerned, continued the accumulation of evidence against the four men who are being held for the crime, and also kept up the search for Mary S. Dean, for whom a warrant has been granted in connection with the case.

It was expected that what material the police had collected would be presented at the initial session of the November grand jury yesterday, but after a consultation with the police officials District Attorney M. J. Singher decided to wait a few days. Possibly the case will be taken up Wednesday.

The police are anxious to obtain the extradition of Louis W. Crawford and William Howard, now being held by the New York authorities, and unless an indictment is returned against them a few days the authorities will ask for a bench warrant on which to base requisition papers from Governor Douglas.

What new evidence the police may have obtained they kept carefully concealed. Morris Nathan, the girl's lover, still remained in the hospital, although it was announced that he had sufficiently recovered from the state of collapse which followed his arrest in Pittsburgh to be arraigned in court.

Dr. Perry D. McLeod of the Back Bay district, who was arrested last Friday night, was not in court yesterday. He will be arraigned in the municipal court next Friday.

Medical Examiner Harris, Professor Whitney of the Medical school and Associate Medical Examiner George Stedman all agreed that the head was the missing part of the body, the arms, legs and trunk of which had been previously found in suit cases in Boston harbor.

The shock of viewing the features of the girl believed to have been her daughter proved to be more than the mother could bear. Medical assistance was needed while she was passing through the ordeal, and shortly after it was over she was conveyed to her home for the second time in a condition of prostration.

THE BOYS' STORE



It's the best Boys' Store, because it's the best Man's Store. We know what the men want in Clothing and what the boys ought to have.

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WE CLEAN, PRESS AND REPAIR CLOTHING.

F. H. ROGERS & Co.

174 Main Street, Barre, Vt.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

How to Keep Cool.
Don't drink ice water; don't get mad; Don't heat the front of your head; Don't think of the cold waves we have had; Don't look at the thermometer! —Chicago Tribune.

No Cause For Alarm.
Young Wife (consoling to nervous old husband with asthma)—Now, don't be alarmed, darling. The man does not live who has died of asthma.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Better Half.
The unsuccessful gambler is constantly a debtor. His wife is not as bad as he. But then she is no better. —Catholic Standard and Times.

All in a Bunch.
Burglar—Let's go to de shore an' rob de guests at some summer hotel. His Pal—Aw, what's de use? Let's wait till September an' rob de proprietors.—Puck.

Absolutely Unique.
The man who never makes mistakes Exclaimed in much distress: "I fear I'll have to make some breaks Or die of loneliness." —Washington Star.

When the Heat Beats.
"Sleepy? I suppose you got up with the chickens this morning." "Earlier than that. I got up with the thermometer." —Philadelphia Press.

A Proper Motto.
"In God we trust." "The printed fair upon each silver dollar now. With grifters lurking everywhere 'Tis all an honest coin can do." —Baltimore News.

Between Two Days.
Short—I say, old man, will you let me have a five spot till pay day? Long—Your pay day or the day you'll pay me?—Washington Post.

A Reflection in Summer.
How wise is nature's providence. Beneficent the way! I'm glad those fields of buckwheat cakes Aren't seaming hot today. —Lippincott's Magazine.

True to Her Town.
Blinker—Is Miss Boston proud of her family tree? Clinker—No, of her family bean pole. —New York Press.

Eloquence.
The man of millions has no need On oratory's wiles to wait. He merely lets his money talk. And the applause is always great. —Washington Star.

Pickle Fortune.
"Did Fortune smile upon you?" "Well, I should say not. She gave me the horse laugh." —Dallas News.

Never Satisfied.
Man hopes for the best. The perpetual fretter. When it comes he won't rest Till he gets something better. —Philadelphia Press.

A Shining Example.
Papa—But the young man does not seem to be any prospects. Sb—No, but I told him you hadn't any when you were married.—New York Press.

The Best Way Out.
When Francis says, "I am so short," And starts his same old song, Don't wait to hear how short he is. But just reply, "So long!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

Uncle on "Education."
"Education," said Uncle Eben, "ain't no benefit to a young man if it stunts him recitin' Shakespeare when he ought to be mixin' de whitewash." —Washington Star.

A Better System.
Appearances are not a test; We cannot trust them much. By "disappearances" 'tis best To judge cashiers and such. —Catholic Standard and Times.

His Proposition.
She—I will become engaged to you for two weeks. He—Make it a week. I don't think my money will last longer than that. Judge.

BADLY HURT IN FIGHT.

Midshipman Branch of New York Was a Good Athlete, Too.

Annapolis, Md., Nov. 7.—Midshipman James R. Branch, son of James R. Branch of the Hanover National bank of New York city and secretary of the American Bankers association, is in a dangerous condition from injuries believed to have been received in a fist fight with another midshipman, the encounter having been arranged.

The young man suffered an injury to the right side of the head which affected the brain and had the effect of paralyzing the left side of his body. The greatest anxiety was felt over his condition by the medical officers and an operation was performed last night by Doctors J. M. T. Kinney of John Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, and Dr. Kerr of Washington, assisted by the naval medical staff. It was successful, the skull being opened and a blood clot removed and there is hope of the young man's recovery.

In unofficial circles it is admitted that Midshipman Branch's injuries were received in a fight, but it is stated that it was over a personal matter and in no sense hazing, as he is a member of the second, or next to the highest class. He is very athletic and one of the best wrestlers in the academy.

BESSIE BOUTON'S MURDERER.

Killed Another Woman and Himself Last Night.

San Francisco, Nov. 7.—Milton Franklin Andrews, wanted for the murder of Bessie Bouton at Colorado Springs, last night shot and killed his female companion, Nilda Olivia, and then killed himself. Andrews was wanted for a murderous assault on William Ellis at Berkeley, Cal. The police found Andrews and Nilda Olivia at 748 McAllister street last night, and when they were about to enter the house Andrews killed the woman and ended his own life.

When the bodies of Andrews and the woman were taken to the morgue, a typewritten confession prepared by Andrews was found on the woman's person. Andrews admitted that he murdered Bessie Bouton and was guilty of the other offenses with which he was charged.

RAPINE AND MURDER.

Terrible Conditions Still Exist in Bes-sarabia.

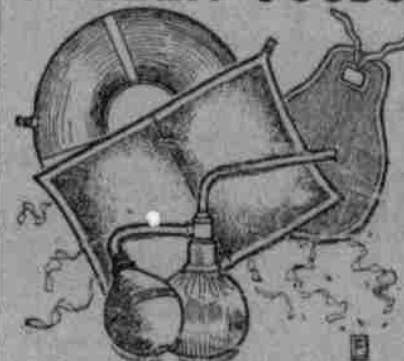
Vienna, Nov. 7.—Advices from Bucharest, Roumania, state that all Bessarabia is still aflame with anarchy. The conditions are described as frightful at Ismail, where disorder reigns. As a climax a state of siege has been declared. Today the town is reported to be in flames. All the firemen are drunk. A massacre of Jews similar to that at Odessa, Kishineff and other centres is proceeding. Today the dragons fired on the rioters, killing 42 and wounding 115. Last night a band of robbers, assisted by soldiers, attacked a train containing fugitive Jews. All the passengers were killed.

HARTLAND'S LOSS IS \$5,000.

Wheelwright Shop Burned Yesterday, With Small Insurance.

Windsor, Nov. 7.—The blacksmith and wheelwright shop of Dickinson and Durphy at Hartland was burned yesterday morning about two o'clock, the loss being estimated at \$5,000 with insurance of \$1,000. The cause of the fire is unknown. There is no fire apparatus at Hartland and the Windsor company was asked to help by the flames spread so rapidly that the Windsor firemen did not get to the distance being four miles. The firm employed from five to seven men and had a great reputation for building sleds and snow rollers. The main building was a landmark of the town having been built between the years 1835 and 1840.

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They are warranted. All sizes, and prices to suit everybody.

D. F. DAVIS,

"The Druggist,"

262 No. Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

A Modern Shylock

[Original.]

About the middle of the last century, when the southern states were divided into a number of large plantations, Cuthbert Swayne, a recent graduate of a northern college, took a fancy to become a tutor in some southern manor house. He found a position with an elderly widow, Mrs. Randall, whose children he was engaged to teach. There were two older children—Guy, who was leading a profligate life in Paris, and Evelyn, a girl of seventeen, with her mother on the plantation.

Cuthbert Swayne had been brought up to consider himself the heir to the estate of an uncle, Mr. Seymour, who was childless. Mr. Seymour was old and feeble. Since it was expected that he would live but a few years every one considered his nephew in the light of a wealthy young man. Cuthbert did not count much upon his uncle's fortune, always averring, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

The young northerner had not been long at the plantation before it was evident to every one except her mother that Evelyn Randall was desperately in love with him. Unfortunately Cuthbert did not reciprocate. The girl was so incapable of concealing her passion that those about her were inclined to smile. But it was no laughing matter. One day after a scene in which she and Cuthbert were the actors he notified her mother that he would cancel his engagement and go north immediately. The next morning Evelyn Randall was found dead in her bed. She had committed suicide.

Naturally the blow fell heavily on Cuthbert. He was eager to get away, but Mrs. Randall, who was ignorant of the cause of her daughter's act, begged him not to desert her in her trouble. The old lady sent for her son to come home, and Cuthbert agreed to remain till his arrival.

When Guy Randall arrived he was made acquainted with the reason of his sister's suicide. He came also to other troubles. A mortgage that had been for many years on the plantation was about to be foreclosed. His mother, instead of paying the interest, had sent it to him to squander in Paris. Guy invited Cuthbert into a room in a wing of the house where they were not likely to be disturbed, and when they were together Guy locked the door. He told Cuthbert that none but a craven would permit a girl to bear the whole burden of a tragic love affair and he expected him to inflame upon himself what his sister had suffered. Guy at the same time tossed a bowie knife—a common weapon at that time in the south—to Cuthbert and demanded that he should kill himself. Cuthbert might have used the knife in self defense, but Guy covered him with a pistol. Indeed, had Guy's life been at Cuthbert's disposal to save his own he would not have taken it. The death of the sister was quite enough without having the blood of her brother on his hands.

"I assure you," said Cuthbert, "that I am entirely blameless, but anything I can do to atone for a fault for which I cannot hope that you will acquit me I will do. I am supposed to be heir to the estate of my uncle, estimated to be worth \$200,000. My uncle is an old man, liable to die at any moment. I will sign a note for that amount due on the day he dies. If I do not inherit the property as expected then I will accept the same fate as the poor girl who died because she loved me."

A short discussion followed this proposal, at the end of which Cuthbert signed the note payable to whoever should be owner or owners of the Randall estate when it should fall due.

When the two left the room Cuthbert went directly to the stables, mounted a horse and rode to a railway station ten miles away. He was never again seen at the plantation.

Several years after this Cuthbert Swayne, having studied medicine, was house surgeon at a hospital in a large northern city. Among the young women being educated for nurses in the institution was Ruth Hoyt, a girl of more than ordinary refinement. Who she was and where she came from she kept to herself. Dr. Swayne fell in love with her, and his love was returned. As each year had passed and taken him farther from the tragedy the note he had signed bore harder upon him, but it was not till he fell in love that he realized its true import. One evening Miss Hoyt went into Dr. Swayne's office to make a report and surprised him holding a loaded pistol to his temple. He lowered the weapon and gave her an explanation, ending by telling her that he had just heard of his uncle's death and that his property had been given to charity.

"I had hoped," he said, "that when my uncle died this incubus that has been hanging over me would be lifted and that I might take a new hold of life. In that event I had intended to ask you to begin life with me. We are both obliged to work for a living, but I should have succeeded in my profession. Now, my uncle's estate having gone elsewhere, my life must be exchanged for my note."

As he spoke the last words he bowed his head, covering his face with his hands. He felt it lifted by another and looked into a face smiling with encouragement.

"I will pay your note," she said. "Listen to me. I am worth three times its amount. I came here to educate myself the better to distribute my income among the poor. My first bequest is in payment of your debt. This will take a large portion of my possessions, but I shall gain in exchange the heart of an honorable man." HERMAN B. OSGOOD.

The Vaughan Store

We Have So Many Great Values in Our New Winter Stock

That it sometimes puzzles us to know which article to mention in our advertisement. The past week we have been doing a lively business in Ladies' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery. It's the quality and the price here, and no better stock of Underwear and Hosiery is to be found in this locality. We are to open two more cases of Ladies' and Children's Underwear today.

A FEW OF THE MANY SPECIALS.

Ladies' Fleeced Hose, per pair, 12 1-2c
Ladies' Heavy Fleeced Hose, per pair, 15c, 19c and 25c
Children's Heavy Fleeced Hose, per pair, 12 1-2c
Ladies' Flannellette Night Robes, each, 59c, 79c, 98c up
Ladies' Embroidered Flannellette Skirts, each, 98c and \$1.25
Children's Sleeping Garments, each, 25c and 50c

One lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists in Scotch Flannel, Botton and Tricot to close at nearly half price.

SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES.

72 inch by 90-inch Sheets for 45c
81-inch by 90-inch Sheets for 50c, 59c, 60c, 65c and 70c
42-inch by 36 inch Pillow Cases, extra value, only 10c
45-inch by 36-inch Pillow Cases, extra value, only 12 1-2c
42-inch by 36 inch, Hemstitched Pillow Cases, extra value, only 15c

The largest and best stock of Outing Flannels and Waists in the city.

VISIT OUR SECOND FLOOR FOR LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS AND FURS.

THE FINISH OF A RACE

The finish of a race is watched with anxious expectancy by those who have money at stake on the result.

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There's a quality and style element in everything we sell that makes the thing satisfying in the end, and the best dressed women of this vicinity have found it out.

Coats, Furs, Dresses, Waists, Dress Goods and Silks are always a special attraction here.

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PER POUND. Barre Candy Kitchen.

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H. J. Smith's City Market,

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If Your Lungs Are Weak

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C. H. Kendrick & Co.,

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